LUCY;

OR,

The Little Enquirer.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, AND DARTON,

No. 55, Gracechurch-Street.

1810.

Price One Shilling.

FRONTISPIECE.

Lucy & her mother.

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OR,

THE LITTLE ENQUIRER:

BEING THE

CONVERSATION OF A MOTHER

WITH HER

INFANT DAUGHTER.

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LUCY, &c

"IF Lucy is a very good girl, I believe her papa intends giving her, and her brothers and ſiſters, a great treat this afternoon."

"Oh! mamma, what is it?"

"Cannot Lucy find out?"

"No, mamma; will not you tell me? I want to know ſo much."

"Well, if Lucy will try to do as she is bid, mamma will tell her."

"Yes, indeed I will."

"I hope, my dear, you will endeavour; but you muſt not be too ſure, as little girls very often forget

their good reſolutions; yet, as I hope you will not, I ſhall tell you. You are going, with papa, and me, and your aunts, to eat ſtrawberries at gardener Brown's."

"I am ſo glad, mamma; there is John with the chaiſe come for us. I am ſo glad."

Lucy was lifted into the chaiſe, (for ſhe was quite a little girl, only four years old,) and went with the reſt of the party to eat ſtrawberries; and behaved ſo very well, minding all that was ſaid to her, and not aſking for more than was given her, that her mamma and papa told her ſhe deſerved to go out another time; therefore, whenever they could take her again, they did not intend to forget her.

The next morning, Lucy came to her mamma to ſay her leſſons; for ſhe had juſt learnt to read and work, and to count a little. Her mamma did not keep her very long at one time, yet ſhe learnt prettily for her age. This was a very warm day, Lucy had read her taſk, and then ſhe began to work.

"Now Lucy muſt be a good girl, and take very neat ſtitches."

"But, mamma, it is ſo hot.—I do not like to be ſo hot: will not waſhing me make me cooler?"

"No, my dear, you muſt be a good girl and ſit ſtill, and that is the beſt way of bearing the heat; which, though ſometimes not

agreeable to us, is of great uſe, to ripen the corn and the fruit."

But when I have done my work, may I go and ſhow it to nurſe, and aſk her if her little girl can work as well as I?"

Lucy ſoon finiſhed her work and ran to ſhow it in the nurſery; then ſhe folded it up, and put it, with her thimble, into the work-bag, and went to play, as happily as moſt little girls do, who have done their leſſons as they ought to do.

When Lucy was at play in the garden, ſhe often ran to the parlour windows, to talk to her mamma. Sometimes her mamma was buſy, and deſired her to go and play again; but ſometimes, when ſhe was not engaged, ſhe liked to have

Lucy, and her brothers and ſiſters, in the parlour with her.

One day Lucy came running in with a face of ſorrow:—"Dear mamma, I have loſt my doll's frock, and my cradle quilt: I took them into the garden, and I cannot find them."

"But how came Lucy to take them out of doors?"

"Oh! they were in my doll's trunk, and I carried it in Alfred's cart, and left it under the walnut-trees. They were quite clean; for Betty had waſhed them for me. I am ſo ſorry I cannot find them."

"Perhaps Lucy will find them; but it was not proper to take doll's clothes, and leave them in the garden."

Lucy went to look for them, and ſoon found them; then ſhe came to tell her mamma, who aſked her what ſhe was going to do.

"I ſhould like to make a feaſt, if you will let me. Yeſterday, when you were out, nurſe gave us ſome currants, and ſome peas, and ſome gooſeberries, and we were all ſo good—quite good, nurſe ſaid, and played all day; but it rained very hard, very hard indeed, once. Did it not wet you, mamma. I was very glad, it watered my plants that you gave me, ſo nicely. We were obliged to go in doors, and then I played with my doll, and Frederick was ſuch a good boy, he did not cry at all. He played with me, and we

were ſo happy; but I did not ſee you, mamma, before I went to bed. I went to bed, and you were not come home. Why did not papa come home?"

"He is gone out for a few days, my dear; but I hope he will ſoon come back again, for I think we ſhall be very dull without him. Does not Lucy think ſo?"

Lucy's papa did not ſtay long from home. When Lucy ſaw the poſt-chaiſe in which he returned, ſhe was very much pleaſed, and, with her brothers and ſiſters, ran to kiſs him: at leaſt all thoſe who could run; but the two youngeſt were not old enough to join the party in ſhowing their joy at their papa's coming home again. Little

William was quite a baby, and Lucy was very fond of him, and often played with him; for though he was a baby, he had begun to take notice, and knew Lucy, when ſhe jumped and danced to pleaſe him; and when he left off his long clothes, and had ſhort frocks and a little pair of red ſhoes, Lucy was very glad, becauſe ſhe thought he would ſoon learn to run about with her, and to talk to her. But her mamma told her it would be a long time before he could ſay ſuch words to her as ſhe could underſtand, though he often made a noiſe when ſhe played with him, and tried to ſhow his pleaſure.

Lucy's mamma and papa lived in the country, that is, where there

are trees and fields, and houſes only here and there; not cloſe together, as they are in a town. It was much better than living in a town, becauſe Lucy and her ſiſters could run about in fine weather, and ſee all the pretty flowers, and butterflies, and birds. She was very fond of them all; but ſometimes ſhe was ſorry that the birds eat ſo much of the fruit. She told her mamma, that ſhe ſhould like the birds to have ſome fruit, but not all; and her mamma ſaid, "I am glad my little Lucy is willing to give the pretty birds ſome fruit. Does not Lucy enjoy to hear them ſing: ſometimes they ſing ſo ſweetly?"

"Yes, mamma, but it is very unkind in them to eat all the

gooſeberries and currants. I think they might leave me ſome. Will they eat the apples too, and the pears and plums?

"They peck them, my dear, with their bills: they will not be able to eat the apples and pears whole, as they do the currants; but they will ſometimes take a little piece from the ripeſt part."

"Well, I ſhall not mind that, if they do not take all; but it is very unkind indeed, mamma, to take all. Now the gooſeberries and currants are all gone, and we cannot make any more feaſts till the apples are ripe: then we may, mamma, mayn't we? as you ſay the birds will not eat them all. I like to give them ſome, becauſe I love that

The young Robin.

pretty Robin which always hops about when we go into the ſhrubberies. Nurſe very nearly caught it, but it hopped away before ſhe could get up to it."

"I believe, Lucy, it was a young Robin: he had ſcarcely got all his feathers; at leaſt, he had not got the red feathers which Robins have on their breaſts, and from which they are often called Robin redbreaſts; but theſe red feathers do not come when they are firſt fledged."

"What is *fledged*, mamma?"

"When the little birds are firſt hatched, that is, when they come out of the ſmall egg which the mother bird lays in the neſt, they

have hardly any feathers, and what few they have are ſo ſmall, that they look like down; but when this down increaſes and becomes ſtronger, we begin to ſee the feathers; and when they are covered with feathers, we call them fledged."

"But, mamma, what do the little birds eat, when they are in the neſt? they cannot fly about then, and eat the gooſeberries and currants."

"No, my dear, the young birds have left their neſt before the gooſeberries and currants are ripe. Moſt ſmall birds are hatched in ſpring; and, you know, ſpring comes before ſummer, and gooſeberries and currants are not ripe till ſummer; but

the old birds fly about and take food to the little birds, whilſt they are in the neſts. Different kinds of birds eat different kinds of food: ſome eat fruit and ſeeds, ſome eat inſects and caterpillars, and ſome large birds eat little birds. The hawk is a large bird, and has a very bright eye. He can ſee a great way off: when he ſees any little bird, or other food that he wants to take, he hovers, or flies over it, a long time, and then darts down upon it in a moment, and flies away with it. A few evenings ago, papa and I were walking on the graſs-plat, and we ſaw a hawk at a ſmall diſtance. We watched it a long time, but all on

a ſudden he darted down, and we could not ſee him again."

"Did he ſee a little bird, that he wanted to eat? Oh dear, I am ſorry for that. Poor little bird, I think it was very unkind of the hawk: do not you think ſo, mamma?—more unkind than when the birds eat the gooſeberries and currants. I would rather give them ſome fruit, than let them be ſo very cruel. Do you know, mamma, a nice bird came into the nurſery the other morning: what bird was it, mamma?

"I cannot tell, Lucy, I was not there. Perhaps it was a Robin, for they are often tame; and in winter, when they can find nothing about the fields and hedges to eat, they

come into houſes, if the windows or doors are left open."

"But what do they come for? there is no fruit for them there, mamma."

"No, my dear, but they will pick up crumbs of bread and cheeſe, if there happen to be any."

"Ah, I remember nurſe ſaid that the little bird came to get ſome of the crumbs; for Frederick very often drops crumbs when he has his breakfaſt, and the bird went under the table, and nurſe got up; for we were all having our breakfaſt. But we were very ſtill when nurſe got up, and ſhe caught it; and I remember now, nurſe ſaid it was a ſparrow. But a ſparrow is

not ſuch a pretty bird as a Robin: a Robin is my favourite bird. Mamma, do not you like a Robin beſt?"

"I think a Robin a ſweet bird, my dear; but I prefer the ſong of the nightingale to any other. The nightingale ſings of an evening, when Lucy is gone to bed and faſt aſleep. Sometimes, when you are all gone to bed, I walk in the garden and liſten to the nightingales. On a fine ſummer's evening, we can often hear a great many nightingales, ſinging amongſt the diſtant trees."

"I ſhould like to hear them, mamma."

"Yes, my dear, when you are as old as Louiſa you ſhall hear the

nightingales; but as you are now only a little girl, you muſt go to bed before they begin to ſing."

"I have not told you, mamma, about our walk laſt night. I can talk to you about birds another time; but now will you let me tell you where we went? We all went, Louiſa, Frederick, and little William, and all my brothers; I mean the great boys, when they came from ſchool; but not George, for George is not at home, you know, ſo he could not go with us."

"And where did you go?"

"Why, mamma, we walked to the town; and only think, nurſe went to the toy-ſhop, and I ſaw ſo many pretty things, I ſhould like to have them, mamma."

"I am afraid Lucy wanted all ſhe ſaw."

"No, mamma, not all; but I ſhould like to have the doll's kettle, and the chairs, and a duck in a box; and I ſaw ſuch a pretty doll's hat in another ſhop window, I wiſhed for that ſo much, and nurſe would not get it for me; ſo I was ready to cry, but I did not quite cry."

"No, I hope not, my dear. Does Lucy recollect, that I have often told her that little girls and boys are never to have what they cry for?"

"I did think of that, mamma, and ſo I did not quite cry; but I ſhould have cried, only I remembered, that if I cried I ſhould not have it. So nurſe told me, as I did

not cry, ſhe would aſk you to buy it for me. Will you, mamma? I ſhould like it ſo much, and Louiſa ſays it will fit my great doll. It is a brown hat: juſt ſuch a hat as you bought for little William; only it is not ſuch a large one, but I mean, mamma, the ſame kind of hat."

"I think I muſt ſpeak to nurſe about it, and if I hear that Lucy really has been a good girl, perhaps I may buy it for her; but ſhe muſt take care of it, and not leave it about and have it ſpoiled, as I ſhall not buy another if that is loſt and ſpoiled from want of care. Little girls muſt learn to be neat, and careful of their doll's things, and then, as they grow older, they will

be able to take care of their own clothes."

"I will try, mamma; for though I was frightened about my doll's quilt when I left it under the walnut-trees, I forgot it again; and I left in the garden my doll's muſlin cloak, bound with pink ribbon, which Louiſa made for me. I did not think of it, when we came in to have our ſuppers, ſo it was out of doors all night, and it rained and ſpoiled the cloak. Louiſa ſays ſhe cannot make me any more, as I was ſo careleſs; but I ſhall not forget now, mamma. I know I ſhall take care of that pretty doll's hat."

"I hope you will, my dear, as you have already been puniſhed for careleſſneſs by your doll's cloak

being ſpoiled; therefore I ſhall not ſay any thing more about it. But you have not told me where you went to beſides the toy-ſhop."

"I do not know, mamma: ſiſter Louiſa can tell you; but as we came home, we met a great many poor women, and girls, and children; and ſome had their aprons full, and ſome had great bundles on their heads; and they were full of corn. One poor woman was very ill: ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſo tired, and had walked ſo far. Louiſa told me they had been gleaning corn, to make bread with. I was ſo ſorry for that poor woman, mamma; why did ſhe go ſo far, and tire herſelf?"

"Becauſe, my dear, ſhe was very

poor, and could not afford to buy bread at the baker's, therefore ſhe was glad to go into the fields, after the farmer has carried away the corn, and pick up the ears of corn that are dropped about. It is exceedingly hard work to ſtoop all day long, and moſtly in very hot weather; (as it is in the hotteſt part of ſummer that they cut the corn;) and ſometimes they walk a great many miles before they find a field that they may go into, as the Farmers will not let them go in till they begin to carry the corn away from the field."

"You have made me ſome new frocks, mamma; now I have been thinking, I ſhould like to give my old frocks to that poor woman

who was ſo tired. Do you think ſhe has a little girl to wear them? Would not ſhe be pleaſed, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, I ſuppoſe ſhe would; but how can you find out where ſhe lives?"

"Oh, ſhe was ſitting in a field, juſt by the path: it is a very little way off. I can run and ſee for her."

"But, Lucy, you do not conſider that it was laſt night when you ſaw the poor woman, and I hope, when ſhe got a little better, that ſhe was able to go home to her family. I am glad to ſee my dear Lucy wiſh to do a kindneſs to the poor woman, but I think ſhe

would not find her in the field if ſhe were to go; and if ſhe does not know where the woman lives, ſhe cannot give her frock to her. I intend to lay the old frocks up, till Lucy finds ſome poor little girl who wants a frock; and if Lucy is good, I ſhall let her have the pleaſure of giving them away. But as there are ſeveral, perhaps it will be beſt not to give them all to one little girl, but to divide them, and give ſome to one little girl, and ſome to another."

"I ſhould like that, mamma. Might I give ſome to the gardener's little Mary? I am ſure ſhe would like to have one of my frocks. Then there are ſome more little girls, that live at the corner of the

lane, by the common; they open the gate when we ride paſt there in the chaiſe, and they always look ſo pleaſed when papa throws them a halfpenny: they all try to get it. Are they very poor, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe they are. There are a great many children, and they have only what their father works hard for, to buy them food. It is ſeldom that they can buy any clothes; but as they are induſtrious, and do all they can for their children, they ſometimes meet with friends to aſſiſt them."

"May I always give away my old clothes? I ſhould like it very much."

"That muſt depend upon your

behaviour, Lucy. When you are good, I have a great deal of pleaſure in permitting you to do what is agreeable to you. I think Lucy had a great treat indeed, when ſhe went to the ſea-ſide laſt week."

"Oh yes, mamma, I am always ſo glad when papa talks of that. I wiſh we could live there."

"I think, my dear girl, you would ſoon be tired. Little boys and girls are too apt to be fond of what is new; and though the ſea is a grand ſight, and very pleaſant for a ſhort time, yet it is ſo much alike, that I believe you would want to return to your own garden, which gives you and George ſo much delight."

"But, mamma, we could plant

a garden on that nice ſand, where I picked up the ſtones, and the ſea-weeds, and the ſhells, and ſtar-fiſh, and ſuch a number of things. I brought them all home in my baſket; and George, and Louiſa, and Alfred, they all filled their baſkets."

"I do not wonder that you were pleaſed, my dear; but you miſtake in ſuppoſing that a garden would grow on the ſand. Do not you remember that the water waſhed up on the ſand? and had you not run very faſt, it would have wetted you."

"Why, mamma it did wet my aunt. She was looking another way, and her ſhoes were wet

through. It looks like ſoap-ſuds: do not you think ſo, mamma?"

"That is the foam, which is cauſed by the daſhing of the waves."

"There was one very beautiful plant, mamma, that grew on the ſand."

"Yes, my dear, it was the eringo, the root of which is boiled with ſugar; and often given when people have coughs; but that grew beyond where the tide flows, and even there the ſoil is almoſt all ſand. The eringo has a very long root, ſomething like a carrot, only a great deal longer. There was another very beautiful flower, which I admire more than moſt of our Engliſh flowers: it is the horned poppy. Did not Lucy ſee it juſt under the

cliff. The bloſſom is bright yellow, about twice as big as the dog-roſe."

"The dog-roſe is very pretty, mamma; but the periwinkles, they are blue, you know; and the primroſes, how pretty they were, on that bank in the back lane. But the weather was much colder then, and we could not take ſuch long walks after tea; and now we can take long walks, and I cannot find either the periwinkles or primroſes."

"No, my dear, becauſe they bloom in ſpring; and ſpring is gone, and now it is ſummer. Autumn will ſoon be here, and then winter; and after that ſpring will come again?"

"Shall I ſee the periwinkles and primroſes again?"

"Yes, my dear, if you look for them?"

"Oh, then, I will get ſome and plant in my garden: that will make it look ſo beautiful."

"You muſt aſk your brothers to take a few roots up before they begin to flower, and perhaps, if you keep them watered, they will take root and bloom better the next year."

"But I ſhall want to ſee the flowers directly."

"Lucy, we cannot have all we want. Little girls muſt have patience, as well as men and women."

"We are going to-night to take

a walk: will you like we should, mamma?"

"I have no objection, my dear, if it does not rain: the clouds look heavy, and I am rather fearful it will."

Lucy and her brothers and ſiſter were not eaſily diſcouraged by the appearance of rain, and more ſo, as the ſun ſhone between the clouds; ſo they perſuaded nurſe to go with them, and ſoon found that that it would have been better to have waited till the weather had been more ſettled; for they had not gone far, before it began to rain very faſt, and they were all glad to run home again. Juſt as they got into the houſe they had the pleaſure of ſeeing a very beau-

tiful rainbow, which Lucy did not remember ever to have obſerved before. Her mamma hearing them come in, and fearing they might be wet, had juſt gone into the nurſery to enquire after them, when Lucy told her how pleaſed ſhe was with the rainbow, and wanted to know what produced ſuch beautiful colours in the ſky. Her mamma informed her, that it aroſe from the ſun ſhining on a cloud which was full of water, and that, as the ſun became obſcured by another cloud, the appearance gradually ceaſed."

"But what is *obſcured*, mamma?" ſaid Lucy.

"It is, my dear, when any object is darkened, or prevented from

being ſeen, by another object coming before it."

"But I wiſh that cloud had not obſcured the ſun, as I ſhould have liked very much to have ſeen thoſe beautiful colours a great while longer. Are rainbows often ſeen, mamma?"

"Yes, very often in ſhowery weather. Do not you remember, Lucy, hearing George read the ſtory of every body being drowned by a flood of water, except Noah and his family, whom God preſerved becauſe they were good."

"Yes, mamma, I do recollect that."

"Well, then, after Noah came out of the ark and returned thanks to God for ſaving him and his fa-

mily, God promiſed him never to drown every body again, and told him he would cauſe a rainbow, to remind him of his promiſe to mankind."

"How glad I ſhall be, mamma, when I begin the Scripture Hiſtory as well as George; for I like very much to hear about it.—Mamma, George ſays he is going again to ſtay at his aunt's. Is he? I do not like he ſhould go."

"Why! do notyou like that poor George ſhall receive pleaſure, my dear?"

"I love George dearly, but I like him to play with me. I ſhall have nobody to play with when he is gone."

"Yes, Lucy, I think you have a great many more to play with you."

"I know that, mamma; but George is ſo kind to me. When will he come back again?"

"In a few days, I hope, my dear."

"I hope ſo too, mamma, then I ſhall be ſo happy again. George has juſt learnt to ſkip: he can ſkip ſo nicely, mamma, and I am going to learn; but I do not think I ſhall ever be able to ſkip."

"Yes, you will, my dear, if you take pains; but nothing can be done without trying over and over again; and if you have patience, you will learn to ſkip as well as

George. He was a long while before he could go on without ſtopping every time the rope went round; but now he can ſkip on a long time without ſtopping, and I think Lucy will, if ſhe has patience."

"Well, mamma, I will try every day, and if I can learn, I ſhall enjoy ſo much to ſkip with George and ſiſter Louiſa, on the graſs-plat."

"I think, Lucy, it will be nice exerciſe for you, when winter comes, and the weather is ſuch that you cannot run out of doors; it will make you much warmer than ſitting by the fire."

"But you ſaid, mamma, that when winter came, and the evenings were long, you would read to

us, and tell us entertaining ſtories. I ſhall like that ſtill better than ſkipping."

"You may hear that too, Lucy. I cannot read to you all day, neither can you ſkip all day; ſo you may ſometimes hear me read, and ſometimes ſkip."

"Mamma, I often think of that tiger you told me of the other day. I thought tigers were very fierce indeed, and would eat people up, if they were let looſe."

"So they would, my dear; but the tiger I mentioned to you was only a month old, and was ſuckled by a goat, and for a time appeared quite tame, and played about like a cat; but I ſhould ſuppoſe, as he grew

older and gained his ſtrength, he would become fierce, and render it neceſſary for him to be confined."

"What a beautiful tiger that was, mamma, we ſaw in the collection of wild beaſts you were ſo kind as to let us ſee."

"Yes, Lucy, he was extremely beautiful; but I am glad we do not live in a country where tigers are found: I ſhould be afraid to go out of doors."

"What! do tigers run about in ſome countries, mamma? I thought they were kept in large iron cages, and not allowed to run about. Do not they eat every body they meet with?"

"Yes, they would if they could get at them; but they generally

inhabit woods, and parts of the country where there are few people, and thoſe who live near them are careful not to go where they are likely to come. In Egypt, where crocodiles are found, the tiger often meets with a ſerious enemy. Whilſt he is drinking, the crocodile comes out of the water and ſeizes him, when, to defend himſelf, the tiger thruſts his terrible claws into the crocodile's eyes. But the crocodile does not let go his hold: he plunges into the water with the tiger. Frequently they deſtroy each other; but more often the crocodile drowns the tiger, by which means he can devour his body at his leiſure

"What are crocodiles, mamma?"

"A crocodile is a large animal which lives chiefly in the water, but not entirely, and therefore is called an amphibious animal. It is ſimilar in ſhape to a lizard; but a lizard, you know, Lucy, is not many inches long: a crocodile is many yards long. I have heard of one which was caught, that was ſix yards long. The hinder legs are longer than the fore legs: there are four toes on each hind leg, and five on the fore legs: the teeth are extremely ſharp, which enables it to tear its prey. The colour of the body is a dark brown on the back, but underneath is of a whitiſh citron colour.

"Does the crocodile often come out of the water, mamma?"

"The female lays her eggs in the ſand, which ſhe covers up and leaves to be hatched by the heat of the ſun; and, except ſhe leaves the water for that purpoſe, or that they come on ſhore to ſeek for food, they do not often leave the water."

"But how can the ſun be hot enough to hatch the eggs, mamma?"

"In Egypt, and the countries where crocodiles are found, the ſun is much hotter than in England."

"Do crocodiles lay a great many eggs?"

"Yes, my dear, the crocodile, after ſcratching a large hole in the

ſand, lays perhaps an hundred eggs, and carefully covers them up: returning to the river, ſhe comes out again the next day, and uncovering the hole, lays ſome more; and ſometimes does the ſame a third time. But ſhe is always very careful to chooſe a place where ſhe thinks herſelf ſecure from being watched. In about thirty days the eggs are hatched: ſhe goes to them, ſcratches away the ſand, and ſhows the young crocodiles the way into the water, carrying ſome on her back; and if God had not kindly ordered that the chief part are ſoon devoured by old crocodiles, the country would be over-run by theſe dreadful animals. Notwithſtanding all her care, the vulture,

which is a very large, fierce bird, carefully watches where the crocodile lays her eggs; and as ſoon as ſhe has left the place, ſeveral vultures ſometimes fly to the ſpot, tear up the eggs, and devour them. If they do not perceive where the eggs were laid, they will yet deſtroy many crocodiles, as they dart upon the young as the mother is conveying them to the water, and take numbers away in their talons."

"How much I do like to hear about crocodiles and tigers, mamma. Cannot you tell me now ſomething about the goat that ſuckled the tiger?"

"No, my dear, I cannot tell you any thing more about that goat, as I read it in the Life of Sir William

Jones, and he does not mention any thing more about the goat, but that ſhe had ſuckled the young tiger, who was playing by Lady Jones like a cat. It is now time for you to go to bed: another day, perhaps, if you are good, I may tell you about goats, and many other things which I think will amuſe you very much."

"I ſhould like to hear about them now, mamma."

"That is very likely, Lucy, but you know, when I have told you that I ſhall not do a thing, I always remain firm. I ſaid, you muſt now go to bed: if you go like a good girl, I ſhall have a great deal of pleaſure in rewarding you another time by ſome more ſtories."

"Thank you, mamma; though I ſhould like to hear ſome more now, I will do as you bid me, and go to bed, and then you will tell me ſome more, I hope, to morrow. Mamma, I ſhall not forget what you have told me. I ſhall remember it, that I may tell George, when he comes home. I am ſure he will be pleaſed to hear about all that you have told me. But as I muſt go to bed now I cannot tell him till he comes home again, becauſe he goes to his aunt's to-morrow morning. I wiſh he was not going."

"Good night, Lucy."

"Good night, mamma, I will try to be a good girl."

Lucy's mamma was very much engaged, for ſome time, with company who were to ſtay with her, and though ſhe frequently ſaw the children, ſhe had not an opportunity to have them ſo much with her, or to converſe with them, as ſhe always did when ſhe could with convenience. But Lucy did not forget the pretty ſtories her mother had told her: when George came home, ſhe endeavoured to tell him as much as ſhe could about the tigers and crocodiles, and that her mamma had promiſed her to tell her a great deal about goats. "I wiſh the long winter evenings would come, George, that we might hear mamma read. Do not you?"—"Yes," ſaid George, "I

Men & Women Skating.

ſhall enjoy that very much, Lucy; but when winter comes, we cannot work in our garden, as we do now. There will be ſnow and ice, and boys ſlide and ſkate. I ſhould like to ſkate beſt, but papa ſays I muſt learn to ſlide firſt, and then Alfred will teach me to ſkate."

"Will you like that better than working in the garden?"

"Yes," ſaid George, "I ſhall like it, becauſe it is like a man to ſkate. In Holland, men and women ſkate: there is ſo much ice, that they ſkate from one town to another."

"Why, who told you ſo, George? I am ſure women do not ſkate."

"I know they do, Lucy, for papa told me ſo."

"Then I ſhould not like to live in Holland. I like warm weather beſt, when you can help me in my garden; but when winter comes, and Louiſa ſays, winter will ſoon be here, I ſhall have nobody to play with me whilſt you are gone to ſkate, and the ſnow and ice will ſpoil our garden."

"Oh no, they will not, Lucy. When the ſnow is melted, and ſpring comes, the plants will begin to bud and look green, and the crocuſes and ſnowdrops will peep their little heads out of the ground."

"I ſhall be glad of that, George, for then mamma ſaid, my brothers ſhould go in the back lane and get

us ſome primroſes and periwinkles. But I wonder what I ſhall do, when you are gone out to ſlide: I ſhall be ſo dull."

"Why, Lucy, you muſt aſk Louiſa to dreſs your dolls and read to you, and ſhow you ſome pictures. I dare ſay mamma will lend you one of thoſe picture-books ſhe keeps on purpoſe for us to look at when we are good. Robert and I are going to buy a paint-box, and then we ſhall paint our pictures.

Robert can cut out a great many things—horſes, tigers, elephants, and birds; and then we ſhall paint them and make them ſtand on the table. Robert can cut out ſo nicely: I wiſh I could. I have tried, but I

cannot manage it. However, I can paint them."

"So will I, George, if you will ſhow me how: I ſhould like to learn to paint."

"But how will you know, Lucy, of what colours to paint the pictures."

"Will you not tell me, George?"

"But you do not remember that you have not got any pictures, Lucy."

"But I can get ſome. I know, if I am good, mamma will give me ſome, as well as you. What pictures are you and Robert going to paint?"

"Why, when I was at my aunt's ſhe gave me ſome."

"Well, I have got ſome money,

George, and I can buy ſome myſelf."

"But I thought you had bought a book. You have not any more money, have you, Lucy?"

"No, but I do not like that book—I am tired of it. Mamma paid for it, but I am to pay her again."

"Then you cannot pay for that and buy pictures too."

"I forgot that. I wiſh I had not choſen that ſilly book: it ſays a great deal that I am ſure is not true. Dogs cannot dance; can they, George? It ſays in the book that a dog danced."

"Yes, they can Lucy; I ſaw ſome dogs once with petticoats on, and a

bear—a great bear which a man led, and another man played on the fiddle and made the dogs dance; and when they had finiſhed, a woman went to all the windows in the ſtreet, and held a hat for the people to give her money. But my aunt told me it was very cruel, for the poor dogs were beat and almoſt ſtarved to make them do it: they dance on their hind legs."

"How that muſt tire them, George."

"Yes, I ſuppoſe it muſt, Lucy. When I heard how badly they were uſed, I did not like to ſee them; but before my aunt told me ſo, I laughed ſo to ſee how droll the dogs looked with their little petticoats; one blue and red, and one yellow."

"I am glad I did not ſee them, if it is ſo cruel. If the poor dogs had not been treated ſo, I ſhould have liked to have ſeen them very much indeed.—The evenings are long now, ſhall we aſk mamma to tell us about the goats to-night? I wonder whether mamma will have time to-night."

"I hope ſhe will," ſaid George.

Away ran Lucy and George, to aſk their mother whether ſhe was at liberty to fulfil her promiſe of telling them ſomething of the natural hiſtory of goats, to which ſhe willingly agreed; and when the tea-things were taken away, their mother, with all the elder children, and Lucy and George, ſat round a cheerful fire, and their mother told

them all ſhe could, to amuſe and inſtruct them.

"Goats are a very lively animal. I need not deſcribe the form to you, as I believe you have all ſeen a goat."

"Oh, yes, mamma," ſaid Robert, "I have often ſeen them in ſtables: it is very common to keep them there; but I never knew why they kept them with horſes."

"I have underſtood, my dear, that, from their very ſtrong ſmell, they are thought beneficial to prevent any infectious diſeaſe from ſpreading amongſt the horſes; and that it is reckoned wholeſome for horſes to be near the ſmell of goats. Goats are fond of mountainous countries: they have a great agility

in climbing and deſcending the frightful precipices. There are many ſpecies of goats. The goats of Wales are eſteemed for the advantages they afford. The milk is extremely nouriſhing: the fleſh is much eſteemed: they ſalt it and dry it to make hams. The ſkin of the young goat, which is called kid, is the beſt we have for women's gloves: the long hair is uſed for making fine white wigs."

"Do they catch the goats, mamma?" ſaid Lucy.

"The Welſh goats are not difficult to tame, and therefore many are kept in a tame ſtate, for the ſake of their milk; but the goat, in ſome countries, affords a dangerous ſport to the huntſmen,

who hide themſelves behind the rocks, or in caverns, and ſhoot them. The chamois goat has ſuch an acute ſenſe of hearing and ſmelling, that if the wind blows from the huntſman towards the goat, he ſeldom can gain his prey; but he endeavours ſo to place himſelf, that it may blow from the goat towards him, which prevents the goat from hearing him, and blows the ſmell of him away from the goat. There is a goat which is found in Barbary, which is ſcarcely to be caught without the aſſiſtance of a falcon."

"What is a falcon, mamma."

"A falcon is a ſtrong bird, of the hawk kind. The Arab gets on a very ſwift horſe, and holds the falcon in his hand, which is trained

for the purpoſe, I ſuppoſe. As ſoon as he ſees a goat, he lets the bird fly, which flies ſtraight to the goat, and darts upon him, fixing one of his talons on the cheek, and the other on the throat of the animal, which he holds till the huntsman comes up and cuts the throat of the goat; permitting the falcon to ſuck his blood, which encourages him to attack goats in the ſame manner another time. And I now recollect, that they put a young falcon to the throat of the dying goat, which is the means they take to bring him up to the ſport."

"Do you call it ſport, mamma," ſaid Robert, "to kill poor animals, and to teach falcons to do ſo."

"No, my dear, I think it ex-

tremely wrong ever to kill animals for our own amuſement: indeed, far from giving me pleaſure, it would cauſe me great pain to be obliged to do it for any purpoſe. But I am ſorry to ſay there are many people who conſider it a great entertainment. I believe we are quite permitted to take the life of an animal when it can be rendered uſeful by doing ſo; but I think it ſhould be done in as eaſy a manner as poſſible. The goat that we laſt ſpoke of has a remarkable pleaſure in the ſmell of the ſmoke of tobacco, and when caught alive, though extremely timid, will be attracted by the pipe of the Arab."

"What is an Arab, mamma?"

"An Arab is a native of Arabia,

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an Arab with his Falcon.

in Aſia, where this ſpecies of goat is found wild. The hair of the Angora goat, in Aſiatic Turkey, is extremely beautiful. I remember ſeeing one in Sir Aſhton Lever's muſeum, which was ſtuffed, and was then in good preſervation. The hair is curled in locks of eight or nine inches long: it is as ſoft as ſilk, and of a ſhining, ſilvery white-neſs. It is ſpun into thread and ſent to England, and is found very uſeful in the manufactory of fine camblet ſtuffs."

"But why do they ſend it ready ſpun?" ſaid Robert.

"Becauſe the Turks will not permit it to be ſent in its natural ſtate, as a great many of the poor

people are employed in ſpinning it. Though they can ſpin it, it is very likely they could not manufacture it as well as we do. Theſe goats are kept in flocks, and the men who attend them are called goat-herds. They are extremely careful of them, and often waſh and comb their hair, to keep it nice. It has been tried to take goats from thence and breed them in other places; but it is not found to ſucceed, as the change of climate and food cauſed them ſoon to loſe their beauty."

"Pray, mamma," ſaid Lucy, "what do goats feed on?"

"Goats are nice in their food: they choose the tops and buds of the ſweeteſt plants, which is one rea-

ſon that their milk is ſo nouriſhing; the tender bark of young trees is alſo a favourite with them. The chamois goat inhabits the Alps, which are very high mountains almoſt always covered with ſnow, and is ſo accuſtomed to cold, that when warm weather comes, he retires to that ſide of the mountains which is towards the North, and ſeldom goes out to feed but of a morning and evening. They generally go in flocks, and if one perceives an enemy, he begins to make a hiſſing noiſe, which he increaſes, as he finds that he is really in danger, to ſuch a degree, that it may be heard at a great diſtance. It is now time to break up our party

for to-night, and I hope, my dears, you have been amuſed with theſe few particulars of an animal which is of great uſe to us."

"Oh, yes, mamma," ſaid Robert, "we are very much pleaſed, and ſhall be glad to hear ſome more another time. I like to hear ſtories and reading, very much indeed."

"Not quite ſo well as play, I think, Robert?"

"No, not quite ſo well. I do like playing about; but I like reading too."

"That is like a good boy.---Now Louiſa, go up with my little Lucy, and let her go to bed; and tell nurſe ſhe has been very atten-

tive, and a very good girl. And what are you going to do, Alfred and Robert?"

"Mamma, Alfred has made a fox and gooſe board, and we are trying to learn to pound the fox."

"Well, I have no objection to it, as a change of employment; but I do not approve of ſpending a great deal of time in ſuch uſeless amuſements."

"To be ſure," ſaid Alfred, "there is no uſe in it; but it entertains us, and it was an employment to me to make the board."

"I think you might try to make a travelling map, which would be inſtructive as well as amuſing."

"I ſhould like to make one, ex-

tremely, mamma; but I am afraid I ſhall not be able."

"Never deſpair, my dear: with a little aſſiſtance, I think you will get through it. Nothing can be effected without taking a great deal of pains. George thought he ſhould never learn to ſkip, but by many trials he has ſucceeded capitally."

George and Alfred played at fox and geeſe till George grew tired of being beaten, and began to be diſcontented. His mamma, ſeeing that he would ſoon loſe his good humour, deſired they would leave off, and chooſe ſome other amuſement. This is one of the evils of all ſorts of games; people are ſo earneſt to win, that when they

loſe, they grow angry and quarrel; when a different employment might have made each party happy. They were now at a loſs for ſomething to do. After taking ſome minutes to conſider, Alfred got up and looked for a map of the world, as a copy; he then fetched paper, paſteboard, and his box of tools, intending to try whether he could not make a joining map of the world, by which he might teach his younger brothers and ſiſters the ſituation of different countries. He firſt took a ſheet of oiled paper, and drew the outline very exactly; he then cut out every large diviſion, and afterwards, by putting them on the paſteboard, was able firſt to draw, and then cut them out with

a ſharp knife. This took up ſo much time, that he did not get further that night. Being very eager to finiſh his work, he roſe early next morning, and got all his materials about him. The little ones were no ſooner down ſtairs, than they aſked many queſtions, what he was doing, and what theſe pieces of paſteboard were for. He told them to make a map.

"But," ſaid Lucy, "I do not know what a map is."

"I will try to explain it to you, my dear: it is a representation of a country, only very ſmall, and ſhows where the cities and rivers, and mountains that are in it, are ſituated. Suppoſe I were going to draw a map of the garden, I ſhould

make a ſmall mark for the ſummer-houſe on this ſide, and draw the ſhape of the graſs-plat, with the walks round it, and make a line acroſs it for the paddock. A ſtranger, by looking on this map, would have a good notion of our garden, though the map differs from a picture."

"I underſtand you," ſaid Lucy: "he would know that our play-ground faced the terrace, and that the green-houſe was on the ſame ſide. Now you have told me what a map is, pray ſhow me what country that is in your hand."

"This is Aſia, where the people have very ſwarthy complexions, and long, black hair. They live chiefly on rice, and are extemely

mild and good-natured; but the great heat of the climate makes them idle, ſo that they ſeldom work ſo hard as the labourers do in England; ſome of the men weave muſlin, and to avoid the ſcorching ſun, they fix their loom in a banian grove, under the ſhade of a tree, the branches of which bend down to the ground, and form other trees: thus from one root a whole grove is formed. Amongſt theſe trees ſport the moſt beautiful peacocks, and other birds of the gayeſt colours; and vaſt numbers of monkeys live on the branches, chattering and making all manner of antics; often jumping from bough to bough, with their young ones in their arms."

"Oh!" ſaid Lucy, "how I ſhould like to ſee all theſe things! But pray, Alfred, how came you to know ſo much about foreign countries? you never went over the ſea."

"I learned them from books," ſaid Alfred: "when you can read well enough to underſtand what you read, mamma will give you ſeveral entertaining books, that will tell you a great deal more than I can."

"Ah," replied ſhe, "that will be a long time to come."—Here her mother entered, and ſummoned them all to breakfaſt, which put an end to the converſation.

THE END.

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